

# THE JACKSON HERALD.

CIRCULATION 1925.

FOR ALL THE PEOPLE.

ESTABLISHED 1897

VOL. IX.

JACKSON, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, AUG. 16, 1906.

NO. 40



## INTRODUCTORY.

WHEN Palmer Cox, the Brownies' papa,  
Made up his mind that it was proper  
To tell the story of these folk,  
He must have thought it was a joke  
To slight the town in which you live.  
And this is why this rhyme I give  
To you: and I will vouch its truth  
To skeptics all, in age or youth.  
The Brownies made your town a visit—  
The date's not necessary, is it!  
And if their trip you'll kindly read up  
In all the steps in which they lead up,  
You'll learn more profitable things  
Than those of which old Palmer sings.  
I tell you where they made it pay  
To buy the things they got that day—  
Also the things they chanced to see  
As here and there they wandered free  
In mischief, interest and glee—  
And no matter how you would have it to be,  
This is their trip as they told it to me.

FROM the uttermost limits of Brownie land  
As though they were conjured by unseen hand,  
Came all of the busy little crowd  
With hustle and bustle and laughter long.  
To visit our own old, beautiful town,  
Through streets and avenues up and down.  
But not for pleasure did they come  
From out the dainty Brownie home,  
But bent on business, every one;  
Their work must end ere play begun.  
'Twas in a great balloon they came—  
The "Brownie Special" was its name.  
And when they lighted, each one stumbled,  
And clothes were ruined as they tumbled.  
But straight to SCHAEFER they flew,  
And soon were strutting in garments new  
That fit like the bark on a sycamore tree.  
And each one said: "How can it be  
That they can sell good clothes so cheap,  
And for the money such a heap?"  
For never had the Brownies seen  
(Though they around the world had been)  
Such splendid fitting garments sold  
For such a little stack of gold.

When the Brownies came to town,  
With gold and silver they were loaded down,  
So straightway they began to look  
To find a bank in which to book  
Their money to keep it safe and sound,  
And check it out when goods were found,  
So they put much in the CAPE COUNTY  
SAVINGS BANK,  
Which for safety and soundness holds rank.

Others with their load of pelf,  
Headed by a prosperous elf,  
To the JACKSON EXCHANGE BANK  
strode  
And there deposited the load,  
Knowing that from burglar's raid  
It was as safe as could be made,  
Until drawn out their bills to pay  
As 'twas needed from day to day.

Now everything pretty or stylish or nice,  
In all kinds of dry goods at rock-bottom price,  
The midgets discovered at Jackson one day,  
And still "there are others" who openly say  
That at MILTENBERGER'S alone they'll dispose of  
their money,  
As wasting it elsewhere is not very funny.  
Every species of dry goods that's worth taking home,  
They found there on sale; and whenever they come  
To Jackson for dry goods they'll go there again,  
For Brownies love bargains as fondly as men.  
The fine stock of dress goods in silk and in wool,  
All shades, textures, grades, is well chosen and full.  
And light summer fabrics in stripe, figure, plaid,  
With beautiful trimmings, are there to be had,  
In style grade and price that make ladies' hearts glad.  
The big Loom End Sale was then on,  
And each Brownie got bargains till all was gone.

As down the street the Brownies passed,  
They laughed when Dad came 'long at last;  
"You must think," he said, "its funny  
To be loaded down with all this money,  
I tell you now, I'll give many a thank  
When I have it safe in the PEOPLES' NA-  
TIONAL BANK."  
For there he took it and went his way,  
And shopped and shopped the live long day.

The wives were wanting hats and bonnets  
With ribbons, tips and laces on it.  
And it would scarcely be expected  
They knew just where to be directed  
To find the latest styles and shades  
And learn the modes in city trades.  
But in they went to MORGAN & RANNEY'S place,  
And smiles wreathed every Brownie's face.



To haul their luggage from the train  
To the hotel and back again,  
A transfer company was needed.  
So everyone's advice they heeded  
And BUECKEMANN'S wagons were em-  
ployed;

The bus ride, too, the imps enjoyed.  
And when again they strike the town,  
BUECKEMANN will haul their traps around.



Some beef and mutton, veal and pork  
For oven, spit or roasting fork  
The Dutchman sought to carry home  
To Brownieland. Scarce did he roam  
A square before he found a prize  
That made him bulge his azure eyes.

It was at MOGLER'S that he found  
The finest stock above the ground.



Pictures, books of all descriptions,  
Books in which to write inscriptions,  
Slates and pencils, paper, pens,  
Child-books, boys', girls', women's, men's,  
Ink, wall paper, moulding, toys,  
Every sort of homestead joys

That the finer nature craves,  
For which man all hardship braves:  
These were found at GRANT & ELBRECHT'S store.  
Man could not have thought of more  
Of the pleasant things of earth  
Whence aesthetic had their birth.  
And the Brownies bought and bought,  
With the money they had brought,  
Till of wanting there was naught.

Paints, oil and glass of every kind,  
Brushes, all sorts, the Brownies find  
At GRANT & ELBRECHT. And besides  
Cathedral glass this house provides,  
For windows lovely in design.  
And all they carry in this line  
Is up in quality, down in price,  
Comprising everything that's nice.

Cakes, pies and cookies, bread and buns,  
To carry home to precious ones  
Who had to stay in Brownie land  
Was next the object of this band.  
Not many minutes did they seek  
Till they were too amazed to speak:  
But rushing into WAGNER'S shop  
They bought till full arms bade them stop.



There is not a wifeless Brownie lad  
But loves some Brownie girl like mad.  
And when her favor he would win  
He knows just how he should begin.  
He takes her straight to WOODS' place,  
Where smiles of radiance wreath her face  
While eating ices and ice creams  
With flavors fine as angels' dreams.



Hammers, augurs, squares and screws,  
Hatchets, nails, that all men use,  
Levels, braces, chisels, saws,  
Compasses with iron jaws,  
Lawn mowers, brushes, hose and locks,  
Flat-irons, glass and whetting rocks—

O, this full stock's name is legion.  
Largest kept in all this region.  
The man who made the dictionary  
Might try to name the things they carry,  
But all in vain. There's nothing missed  
From WILLIAMS HARDEWARE CO. hardware list—  
Also in paints they keep the best.



The little Chinese had a tooth  
That oft had pained the yellow youth;  
And now as it began to thump,  
And each wee fibre seemed to jump,  
He howled like Jericho, and ran  
To DR. JENKINS, the dentist man,  
Who fixed the tooth as good as new  
And did it without hurting, too.

Within a case upon the street  
The Brownies saw some faces sweet  
That seemed alive—but they were not.  
And little Patrick on the spot  
Declared he'd have his "pieter took;"  
And Patrick new just like a book  
That WILLIAMS made the best; and so,  
He had them taken there, you know.



Bread made at home is always nice  
For any who don't like the price  
Of bakers' bread. And biscuits fine  
Beat all else in the eating line.  
So flour was what some Brownies wanted  
And every street and lane they haunted  
Until they found GOLD LEAF,

Where each one bought their little fill  
To carry home for dainty spouses  
Who do the cooking of their houses.



For hardware, planes and files and chisels  
Revolvers, knives and belts and whistles,  
The Brownies knew just where to go—  
To FORD'S HARDWARE CO., for you  
know

They'd heard about the endless line  
Of all things good, improved and fine.  
So there they bought, and there alone,  
At prices that were all their own.

To buy some harness for their steeds  
To plow amid the fairy weeds  
Was next the object of their search;  
Yet not long were they in the lurch.  
They found each thing their heart desired  
At C. H. WOLTER and bought till they were tired,  
While Patrick nudged his gaping mate  
And said, "Who ever saw the like!"



Of hiring rigs the Brownies tired.  
At length one imp, with brain inspired,  
Cried "Let us while here buy our own  
And henceforth hire no more, nor loan.  
We'll buy at WOLTER'S every time,  
And save us many an extra dime.

His workmanship and styles are neat,  
And his material can't be beat.



And then, to guy their little friend,  
The Brownies voices all did blend.  
But he with smile cared nothing for it,  
And said, "Long hair me abhor it,  
And now to BELMAR me go,  
For there the work, me let you know,  
Is done in shape and latest style,  
And in the very littlest while."

Their lots and lands the Brownies bought  
Of the SOUTHWESTERN REALTY CO.; and each  
one got

A home to suit the finest taste  
Although they had no "chink" to waste.  
For everything these dealers had  
Was good—they kept not what is bad,  
And each wee imp was satisfied  
With home and pocket-book beside.

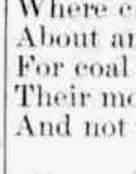
Some furniture the Brownies needed;  
And as their friends' advice they heeded  
They went to BARTELS & McCOMBS where they found  
Their every need; and now they sound  
The praises of the goods they bought  
At BARTELS & McCOMBS' store; and they ought.  
"For sure," says Pat, "we struck it rich;  
Who ever heard before of sich?"



And all who loved the twang of strings,  
The note of flute or voice that sings,  
Piano, organ or cornet,  
While at the place where they could get  
A fine assortment of such goods  
To carry to their native woods,  
With BARTELS & McCOMBS their money spent,  
And came away in sweet content.

By natural gas the Brownies froze  
And any common mortal knows,  
Who e'er has suffered by his grate  
With temperature at zero rate.  
So off to KASTEN & SCHMUKE they hus-  
tled.

Where clerks and drivers always hustled  
About and filled their orders quick  
For coal and wood; each lump and stick  
Their money called for, they received,  
And not one Brownie felt aggrieved.



Where clerks and drivers always hustled  
About and filled their orders quick  
For coal and wood; each lump and stick  
Their money called for, they received,  
And not one Brownie felt aggrieved.



"Attention!" roared the Brownie chief;  
Each Brownie trembled like a leaf,  
And listened. "Harness is my theme,  
And what I tell you is no dream.  
At D. KLEIN'S harness shop they make  
The best goods found; they always take  
The best oak leather in the land,  
And also make it up by hand.

Their special line of heavy work  
Will stand the hardest strain or jerk.  
Their silver, nickle, rubber finish  
Makes trade increase and not diminish.  
And sweat pads, hames, collars, chaises,  
Whips, blankets, robes, the stock increases  
And brings a trade that never ceases.

Their little shirts began to wilt;  
And cuffs and collars that were built  
To stand the heat, began to melt,  
And folded o'er with many a welt.  
But with a wink their Uncle Sam  
Said, "Listen here! Quite sure I am  
That the ENTERPRISE LAUNDRY is the place  
Where we'll renew departed grace."  
And thither all the Brownie duds  
Were sent; immersed beneath the suds  
They all regained their former hue;  
Why don't you do as Brownies do!